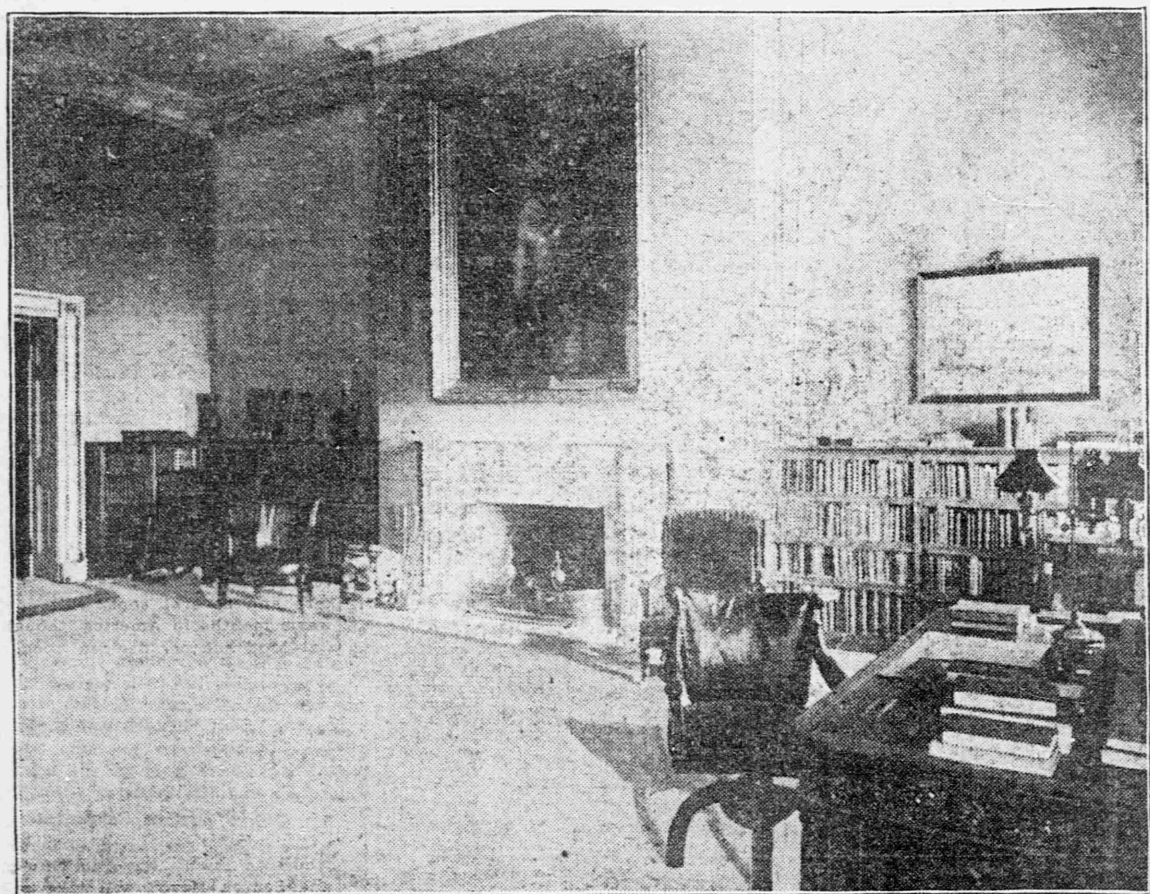


## THE PRESIDENT'S "HOME OFFICE" SOMETIMES CALLED "THE DEN"



THE old Cabinet Room in the White House, of which this picture is the first reproduction giving an adequate impression of its present appearance, is now used as a sort of "home office" for the President, for use when he does not care to go over to the new Executive Office building. It adjoins the library and is as close to being a "den" for the President as any room in the mansion.

Many fantastic accounts have been written about the present uses to which the historic Cabinet room has lately been put. Some time ago a metropolitan paper described the room in great detail, giving the impression that a regular gymnasium had been rigged up where formerly Presidents had sat discussing the most profound matters of diplomacy and internal affairs. The picture here reproduced quickly dispels that illusion.

President Roosevelt's well-known fondness for single-sticking is sometimes gratified in this apartment. When the

ludicrous story of the Cabinet room having been transformed into a gymnasium was published, an inquiry was made regarding the facts in the case, and an official said:

"It all depends on what you think is necessary to make up a gymnasium. If you require trapezes, and parallel bars, and flying rings, and all sorts of apparatus for exercising the muscles you would never be satisfied with the old Cabinet room for that purpose; for those things are not there. But if the President wants to single-stick there, I suppose he can find room enough, just as in any other of the rooms in the house."

At the extreme right side of the picture is shown the historic desk presented to President Hayes by Queen Victoria. It is made out of the timbers of an old Arctic whaler which was caught in the ice in the far North and would have gone to pieces with the loss of all her crew had not a United States vessel afforded timely assistance. The vessel was repaired sufficiently to get back to England, and was then broken up.

Queen Victoria's first thought, when the vessel's demolition was determined upon was to have some handsome trophy made to present to the President of the United States.

The portrait hanging over the fireplace is the George Washington picture which formerly hung in the corridor of the first floor. The book shelves contain the President's favorite poets and prose writers, with the reference books which he finds indispensable to his enjoyment of mythology, history, and the politics of the American nation. The large framed picture over the book shelves on the right of the picture is the popular Remington sketch of the Rough Riders going up San Juan hill.

Amid such congenial surroundings of desk, portrait, etching, and books, it does not seem difficult to understand the pleasure and relief experienced by the busy Chief Magistrate when he can get away from the struggle of politics and settle down in his own quiet "den" overlooking the White Lot, with the stern-looking Monument and the lazy-flowing Potomac in the distance.

## HOSPITAL HEROINES OF THE CIVIL WAR

THE Ex-Army Nurses' Association, than which few organizations in Washington can claim a better excuse for being, was organized June 18, 1881, under the patronage of Mrs. James A. Garfield. Composed of the ex-army nurses then residing in this city, its object was "to promote the interests of the Union nurses of the war of the rebellion, to aid them to employment, in sickness or other necessity, and to uphold the supremacy of the National Government, as dear to every American woman as to the soldiers of the republic."

Miss Dorothea L. Dix was elected president, Dr. Susan A. Edson first vice president, and Miss Harriet P. Dame, second vice president. Before the second meeting was held the first vice president was at the White House as one of the physicians of the President of the United States, who had been laid low by the bullet of an assassin. By article 5 of the constitution, all women who had served as volunteer or enlisted nurses during the civil war were en-

of age when the sullen roar from Sumter shook the nation. After a six weeks' course of training at Bellevue, Miss Burghardt reached Washington in June, 1861, and thereafter saw fifty-one months of continuous service, except when ill with smallpox and yellow fever.

### The Terrors of Andersonville.

She was under fire several times, and from the horrors of the military hospitals at Wilmington, N. C., her dark-brown hair turned white in a few hours. She was the only woman on board the hospital ship General Barnes, when that vessel made her fearful journey northward, bearing 1,017 victims of Andersonville, Salisbury, and other prison pens. From the hardtack which she shared with the soldiers at Antietam, Miss Burghardt's sound white teeth were permanently injured, and she was on the field at Cedar Run when little black Rienzi, covered with foam and dust, and bringing Sheridan "from Winchester, twenty miles away," dashed in among the disheartened troops.

### Mrs. Martha A. Wood Ferguson.

Mrs. Martha A. Wood Ferguson, treasurer of the association, was another New England girl who assisted Miss Dix. As Miss Wood she rendered several years of notable service, especial-



Mrs. Emma S. Brinton, President ex-Army Nurses.

ty to be members, and a by-law authorized non-resident membership.

In March, 1892, the association was incorporated for twenty-five years, under the corporate name of "The Ex-Army Nurses' Association of the District of Columbia." Of the seven directors then appointed, the first-named was Miss Harriet P. Dame. In May, 1900, Miss Dame died at the age of eighty-six years, and was buried with full military honors in the soil of her beloved New Hampshire. Her portrait, painted recently by Miss Caroline S. Ransom, a cousin of Mrs. Garfield, has been hung in the state house at Concord.

### Mrs. Emma S. Brinton.

Miss Dame was succeeded by Mrs. Emma S. Brinton, appointed by the sanitary commission, early in 1863. Mrs. Brinton, then Miss Southwick, began her war nursing in the Mansion House Hospital, Alexandria, Va. She was untrained, but exceptionally capable, and entered with enthusiasm on the care of hundreds of fever patients, most of whom were young college men of fine families, and unaccustomed to hardship and exposure. By the time these had recovered and returned to the field, the conflict had become more serious, and their places were filled by the wounded and dying, borne thither in long lines of ambulances.

After four months of work at Army Square Hospital, which occupied the site of the present Fish Commission, Miss Southwick was sent to Belle Plaine, to nurse the wounded from the Wilderness. At Fredericksburg, which she reached in a wagon loaded with oats, she was one of three nurses to whom were assigned the care of ten houses filled with wounded. The nurses slept on the floor in the slave quarters of one of the houses, and ate whatever chance provided. Later, after a journey of five days on a transport, Miss Southwick assumed her share in the work of relieving the fearful distress at White House Landing. At City Point, within sound of the firing in front of Richmond, she resumed her duties as fever nurse. Sheltered only by tents, laboring in intense heat, and destitute of pure water, she fell a victim to typhoid fever, and was sent to her home in Boston. On recovery, she returned to Army Square Hospital in Washington, and finished her army work at Harper's Ferry, having had as patients fully 5,000 men.

### Traveler, Writer, and Lecturer.

As Mrs. Emma Southwick Brinton, she is a widely-known cosmopolitan, writer, and lecturer. She has visited almost every quarter of the globe, having crossed the Atlantic Ocean twenty times. She is prominently connected with many of the progressive movements in this and other cities.

Dr. Caroline A. Grant Burghardt, secretary of the association, is a native of the Berkshire Hills, and a kinswoman of General Grant. She was the youngest of the nurses who served under Miss Dix, having been barely twenty years

in the care of smallpox patients. On the fair face of this lady, now for many years an invalid, there is but one tiny scar to remind her friends of the heroic labors to which she is too modest ever to allude.

Mrs. Anna Etheridge Hooks, the "gentle Anna," who enlisted with the Second Michigan Volunteers in the spring of 1861, and served until the close of the war, was in nearly all the great battles of Virginia, and received from General Kearney a commission as regimental sergeant, and a beautiful cross bearing his name. Miss Etheridge was as remarkable for her maidenly reserve as for her superb courage and endurance, and her achievements at Antietam, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg were long a favorite theme among soldiers and poets.

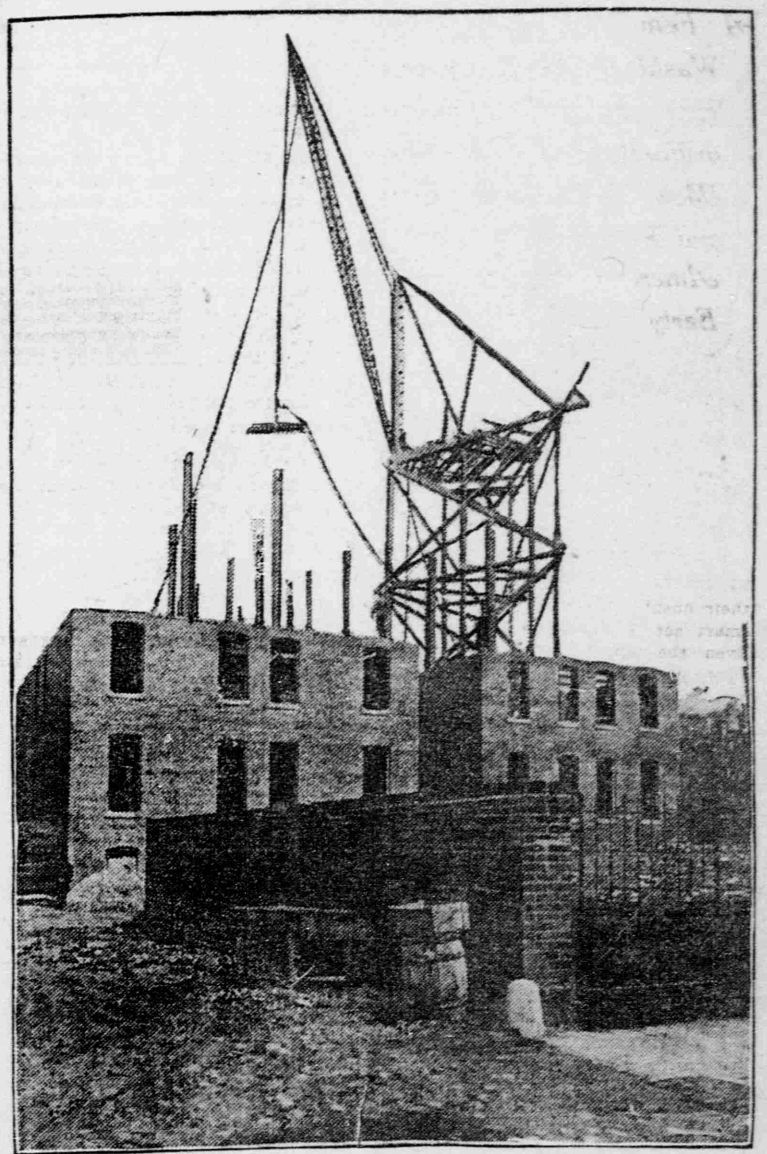
Mrs. Ada Spurgeon became distinguished for her skill and success in nursing hundreds of soldiers through the loathsome perils of smallpox. Mrs. Ann E. Gridley, mother of the lamented commander of the Olympia, a niece of James Russell Lowell, also are members of the association. Among others are Mesdames Millie Hoard, Lizzie Kelly, Florence P. Lithgow, Adeline Macomber, Sarah Sampson, and M. A. E. Keen Woodworth.

### Graves at Arlington.

Of the ninety members enrolled eleven years ago, scarcely two-thirds remain. Six years ago a plot containing room for twenty graves was set apart for them at Arlington. In it are buried Mrs. Elvira Bliss Sheldon, Mrs. Joanna W. Turner, Miss Anna Platt, Mrs. Sarah J. Alexander, Mrs. Louise Virginia Bryant, and Mrs. S. R. O. Ver Planck. The last named, as Miss Susan Roosevelt Osterhout, was well known in the best social circles of New York. She was, in a double sense, a kinswoman of President Roosevelt, the families of both his parents having intermarried with hers. She was one of the earliest women to take up the work of army nursing, much of her labor of love having been performed from 1861 to 1864 on the crowded transports plying between the Gulf ports and the North. Into her tender hands fell many hundreds of unfortunates from Libby and other Southern prisons. In her hospital service she experienced hardship and privation in every conceivable form, and while caring for the wounded and dying on the battlefields, she was under fire three times. At her funeral, following the commitment of the Episcopal Church, a bugler blew "rights on" above the open grave.

It is the proud privilege of each member to be borne to the grave beneath the Stars and Stripes, the association having in reserve a beautiful eight-foot silk flag for this purpose. On each flag-draped casket, wrought in flowers, is placed the badge of the organization, a five-pointed star inclosing a lozenge bearing the letters "A. N. A." Every year, on Memorial Day, similar tributes are placed on the graves of these heroines.

## BIGGEST HOISTING DERRICK EVER SEEN IN WASHINGTON



"FIFTY feet from the elbow to the pulley, and allowing forty-five feet for the scaffolding, the whole derrick will measure up to about ninety-five or a hundred feet," said the watchman at the Brunswick Flats, in course of erection in I Street, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth, just at the rear of the new Medical School of Columbian University. "Yes; it's the highest ever put up in the city."

This big derrick, which can be seen from any point in the neighborhood towering over the surrounding buildings, is used in raising the iron beams for the steel skeleton of the new eight-story building. It is actually the tallest and strongest ever used in Washington, and when the machinery at the New Willard, at the Highlands Apart-

ments, and the steeple-jack work done at old St. Matthew's Church is taken into consideration, this means a great deal. After the heavy scaffolding was built up, the rest of the derrick was put in position with the assistance of a smaller lift just alongside. It is operated partly from the ground, and partly from the top of the scaffolding. When the longer beams are raised, two men often go up with them standing one on either end, and clinging to the cable. The engineer is a bit of a practical joker, and sometimes hoists away faster than usual—a mere pleasantry, which the riders on this open air elevator appreciate keenly, though the spectator fails to see the point. This is especially the case when the beam begins to spin, as it nears the top of the derrick.

It is probable that the big derrick will have to have its boom made longer before the building is topped-off.

## HER METHOD OF GAINING TIME

THE moment Septimus entered the room I perceived his intention, and, indeed, it is quite impossible to mistake the expression on the face of a man who intends to ask you to marry him.

"What a glorious day!" I remarked, as he took my hand with portentous solemnity.

"Upon my word," he answered, "I haven't noticed the weather."

"Even if you haven't, you might have said 'Yes,'" I exclaimed.

Septimus leaned forward with the utmost eagerness. "This is precisely what I wish you to say," he insisted.

"The most excellent reason for not saying 'Yes'!"

"I don't see that—"

"How blind you must be this afternoon," I said. "Isn't it you aware that the charm of conversation is the unexpected?"

"I didn't say I expected you to say 'Yes,'" he explained as he sat down, "only that I wished it."

"For my part," I returned, "I always make it a rule to expect what I wish."

"But if you want something—"

"Oh, well, of course, it's no use yearning for the moon!"

"I can stand anything but suspense," said Septimus, and he drew his chair close to my sofa.

"Now," I suggested, "suppose there is something you would like very much indeed?"

"There is," he answered with a great deal of energy.

"And you asked—asked a person to give it to you—"

"Just what I am going to do," said Septimus with a fine air of determination, although I did not intend that he should do anything of the kind—today, at least.

"Not until—"

"Until I have finished my parable," I interrupted. "I was trying to make you understand that—a person might not find it convenient to draw a check at the time; but if only a little judicious patience were displayed—"

"Well!" cried Septimus eagerly.

"It might save a certain amount of unpleasantness, because it's always horrible to say 'no'."

"I don't want a check," he persisted. "An acceptance would do."

"But isn't an acceptance a promise?"

"It isn't to be honored just at once, you know."

"Have you ever signed one?" I asked, and Septimus looked quite embarrassed, although he tried to laugh.

"I never will again," he answered.

"But, Christine—"

"I am expecting auntie every minute," I exclaimed. "I think I must send you away;" but Septimus dropped my hand, and, walking to the door, planted his back firmly against it. He had not believed he could look so determined. "You will feel rather awkward if auntie should open the door suddenly," I hinted.

"I believe I'm rather out of favor," he muttered, still maintaining his position.

"Well," I said, "you are by way of deserving it no want then. Besides, auntie is inclined to prefer men who haven't quite such a crowd of elder brothers."

"If you would only put an end to this awful suspense," muttered Septimus; and I am afraid I laughed at his solemn face.

"I don't see that suspense is very awful," I insisted.

"Because you don't experience it," he answered.

"Oh, yes, I do!" I said a little injudiciously.

"A—about your future?" he demanded.

"It seems rather doubtful sometimes," I cried.

"Yet it depends entirely on yourself," "Oh, dear, no!"

"Upon whom, then?" asked Septimus.

"You understand," I explained, "really depends to a great extent whether—whether some one possesses patience and perseverance and a few other uninteresting virtues."

"Chris, dear," he answered, "I could wait half a lifetime if I only knew—"

"But then there wouldn't be the least credit in waiting."

"If I only knew it would be all right in the end!"

"Now I am going to send you away," I insisted, "before auntie arrives."

"And if this wonderful display of patience and perseverance comes off—"

"You remember the copybook says they—are always rewarded," I answered; but, really, Septimus took curious means to prove his determination to be virtuous. It is true that I had not intended to say quite so much, only the poor fellow looked very desolate. However, it is fortunate that auntie did not return until half an hour later. The butler must have told her who had been waiting.

"I said she hoped I had not done anything foolish," I assured her I hadn't.

"—Black and White."

## WHERE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT WILL WORSHIP

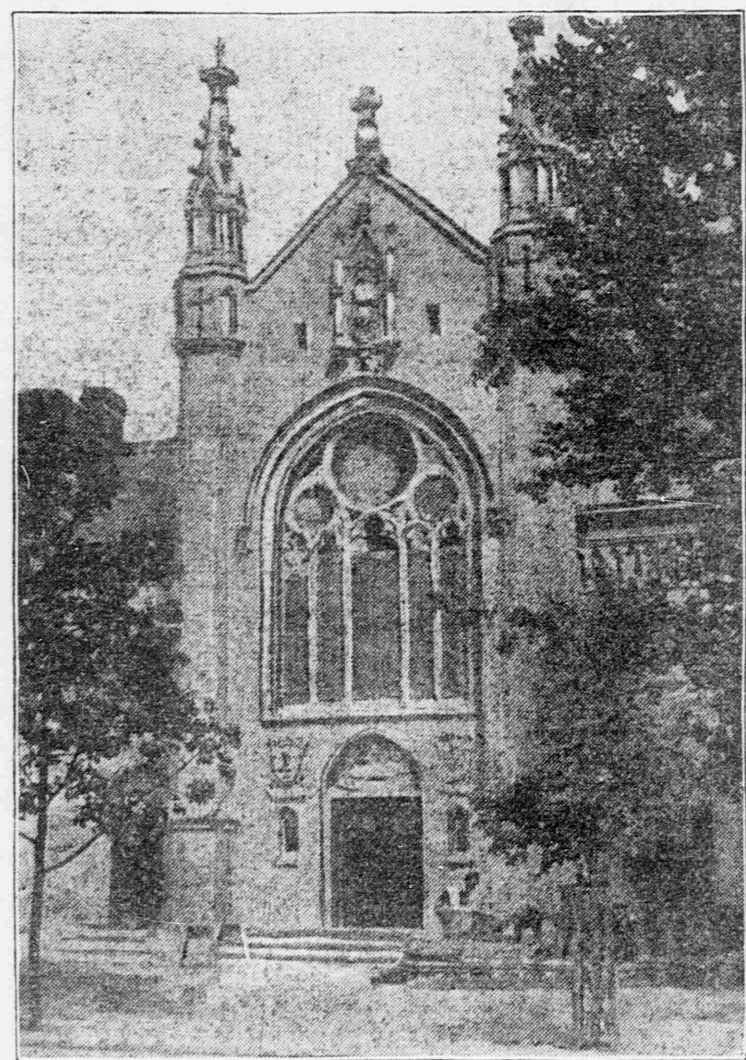
WHEN President Roosevelt returns to Washington after his swing around the circle and conquest of the West he will be able to soothe this conscience each Sunday morning in an absolutely new house of worship. He will for the first time occupy a pew in the new Grace Reformed Church, an edifice that will be completed and ready for occupancy within the next few weeks.

When Mr. Roosevelt came to Washington to take up the reins of government laid down by the martyred McKinley, his religious faith was not generally known, but it was known that Mrs. Roosevelt was an Episcopalian, and it was supposed that the President would connect himself with St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church, one of the most fashionable religious organizations in Washington. However, he did not do so, but selected the little chapel at the corner of Fifteenth and O Streets, which was occupied by the Dutch Reformed Church and presided over then, as now, by the Rev. J. M. Schick. Mr. Roosevelt had been a member of the Dutch Reformed Church in New York, as had his forefathers. The fact that it was a small edifice and a very small congregation did not deter the Chief Executive from becoming one of the worshippers at the weekly service.

The fact that Mr. Roosevelt became a regular communicant in the little church attracted large numbers of people and it soon became apparent that it would be necessary to enlarge the seating capacity of the edifice. At the same time, the general church authorities realized that it would be well to have a handsome edifice for the members of the Dutch Reformed Church in the National Capital. Having come to this conclusion, with the help of the local congregation the general synod provided ways and means for the erection of the handsome structure shown in the accompanying illustration. Work was begun in the spring and the building is now so nearly complete that it is hoped to have dedicatory exercises shortly after the President returns from his Western trip.

There is a little story of more than ordinary interest connected with the completion of the church building. When it was decided to erect the new structure it was determined not to raze the old building, but to leave it intact for use as a Sunday school room. The new building was placed on a lot on the side of an alley in front of the old structure, the trustees of the church not thinking of any complications that might arise in connection with the completed structure and its connection with the old church which was to be used as a Sunday school room. The work was proceeded with in the feeling that there would be thorough conveniences for the young as well as the older members of the congregation, and thereby hangs a tale.

When President Roosevelt lived in



The New Grace Reformed Church.

Washington as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he took a great deal of interest in the sanitary condition of the city, and more interest in an effort to relieve the congested condition of the alleys that were largely inhabited by the poorer classes as places of residence, and in his first message to Congress after he had succeeded Mr. McKinley as President, he made a very emphatic protest against the further use of the alleys as places of residence, as well as a recommendation that the District Commissioners, who have the matter in charge, grant no more permits for the erection of houses in any alley or for the erection of any house in the narrow streets of the city known as "places." He even went further, and urged that where it was possible to do so the sidewalks in these alleys or "places" be removed, and no more permits be granted

for the laying of new sidewalks in those places.

The Commissioners recognized the wish of the President in this matter and made an order by which no more residences were to be erected in these alleys and "places," and no more sidewalks were to be laid in any alley in the city of Washington, and that as far as possible such sidewalks as were at that time in the alleys and "places" be removed.

Now it so happened that when a few weeks ago the trustees in charge of the new building for Grace Church found their new structure was so nearly complete as to admit of plans being made for putting it into actual use they started to lay the sidewalk down the alley on which the new building is located in order that the Sunday school room, which was the old church, might be connected with the new structure. Then they struck a snag.